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# THE LOSING SIDE.



Mrs. Frank Lee.



# The Losing Side

A POEM

AND

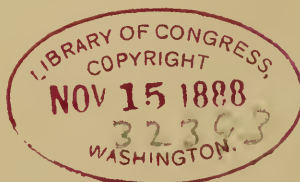
# Why He Didn't Insure

A DIALOGUE

BOTH BY

*Mary (Chapin)*

MRS FRANK LEE



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## The Losing Side.

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(At the time of the last Presidential election, this remark was made to the writer, "What's the use of wasting votes on the Prohibition business? It's sure in any case to be the *losing side*.")

“**W**HAT! *you* holding *that* ticket, Major?  
You're throwing your vote away;  
There's not the faintest possible chance  
Of those people winning the day.  
To think of you leaving the party,  
The party that's old and tried;  
It seems absurd for a man like *you*  
To vote on the losing side.”

“ Great changes are best made slowly,  
A step at a time is the way ;  
Fanatics are always complaining,  
But Rome wasn’t built in a day.  
You know it’s not possible, Major,  
To stem the political tide,  
’Tis only helping *our* party foes  
Your vote on the losing side.”

“ Well Charley,” the Major smiled gravely,  
And quietly stroked his beard,  
“ ’Tis true, that in yonder sentence  
You name a result to be feared.  
But calmly the matter think over  
Don’t mind the political tide,  
For God and the centuries, Charley,  
Must settle the losing side.”

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“ Christ stood there of old before Herod,  
And then in the dark after years  
The mighty of earth looked contemptuous  
On the martyrs’ prayers and tears.  
But when comes the King in His glory,  
And Heaven’s gates are wide,  
What think you—will kings or the martyrs  
tand *then*—on the losing side?”

“ ‘T was a dreary, a terrible winter  
For Freedom—when patriots lay—  
Valley Forge—in their camp amid snowdrifts,  
And darkened seemed Liberty’s ray.  
O loud laughed the foemen, exultant,  
“Behold ! We have conquered !” they cried.  
Stars and stripes, floating yonder, look, Charley  
Were *they* on the losing side?”

“We know—you and I—my old comrade,  
Of many a friend in the past  
Whose life showing bright for the future,  
Was wretched and ruined at last.  
How often above the downfallen,  
The sorrowful echo would say,  
“’T was the curse of that terrible evil,  
What darkens our nation to-day.”

“And the women! God pity the women!  
The mothers, the sisters, the wives—  
Who cover with pitiful loving  
The wrecks of these perishing lives;  
But their agonized cry has no power,  
Their hands, weak and weary, are tied,  
They can pray—it is all—to the Master,  
And they pray—for the losing side.”



“The work of the demon speeds onward,  
It waits not for party nor plan,  
While we quarrel o'er tariff and office,  
It murders each hour a man.  
O graves—that are filling with drunkards,  
O souls—going out into night!  
O wail of the orphan and homeless!  
Sent up to the Father of Light.”

“He hears—he will answer, Friend Charley;  
Till lately I felt just as you  
Are feeling. If men *would* be drunkards,  
There was little the sober could do.  
But on my way homeward last evening,  
Down here on the street, I espied  
That which roused me at last and has given  
*My* vote to the losing side.”

“ You know the saloon on the corner,  
How brightly the great windows shine,  
Filled full of green leaves, purest lilies,  
And roses, and clustering vine.  
Sweet music rang out on the evening,  
While there on the pavement before,  
Your Harry—my Jack—both were standing  
Looking earnestly in at the door.”

“ The owner came out and beheld them,  
And greeted them both with a smile,  
Bid them enter, and look at the flowers,  
And hark to the music awhile.  
Like a blow it came to me—the tempter  
Thus early his work had begun ;  
Let him once get a hold on the children,  
And half of his battle is won.”

“So Charley”—“Stop, Major—*my* Harry !

You saw *him* invited within ?

He is only a child—yet they coaxed him

To enter that palace of sin.

Why, down with such places forever !

My Harry—the boy is my pride,

I know it would kill me if—Major,

Count *me* on the losing side.”

“The tariff can wait—but our children,

The evil waits not, it is plain,

We may not succeed, but I tell you

cannot rest idle again.

Ah—now, I believe in the watchword—

The whisper that’s grown to a shout ;

There’s only one way to kill evil,

I have wanted—I'll own to it frankly--

The voting and this kept apart,

I clung to my party, but, Harry !

Too close—it is striking my heart.

Together we fought, my dear Major,

*Here*, party and we must divide ;

Together, till triumph shall crown us,

We'll stand on the losing side."

"The time may be long, but 'tis coming

For homes from this evil set free

There's a sound of the nation uprising

Like far away roar of the sea.

Now forward--for Christ, home and country,

Though failure at first may betide

The vict'ry is final--is certain,

With God on the losing side."

MRS. FRANK LEE.

# Why He Didn't Insure.

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[SCENE.—Office of the Prompt Pay Life Insurance Company. Agent, seated at a table covered with books and Papers, writing. Enter Mr. Wilder.]

*Mr. W.* Good morning.

*Agent.* Good morning, sir, good morning. [Offers a chair.] Take a seat, sir. Pleasant day.

*Mr. W.* So, so. You are the agent of the Prompt Pay Co., I believe? [Agent bows.] I came in to see about getting my life insured.

*Agent.* Very wise errand, sir, very. A man can't do a more sensible thing—unselfish, affectionate, too. Shows he thinks of the welfare of those dear to him.

*Mr. W.* Yes. Of course, the yearly premium is quite an item in the expense of a beginner in business, but the wife and bairnies must be looked after first.

*Agent.* Right, sir, right.

*Mr. W.*, [warmly.] A fellow who can't deny himself in such a cause, ought never to have either.

*Agent.* He ought not, indeed.

*Mr. W.* I tell you the man who buries himself in money-getting or anything else and does not care most and first for the happiness of his family—I'd, well—I'd ship him to a desert island.

*Agent.* You speak pretty strongly.

*Mr. W.* Not more strongly than I feel. There's no use of going to extremes though, like my friend Griffith. He won't join our club or hardly take a day off for pleasure—says he must save for his family.

*Agent.* I met them all in the mountains last summer.

*Mr. W.* O, he'll spend ten times the club fees in one season taking the whole tribe to the mountains or sea-shore. Don't see how he manages to do it, *I* can't. Yet he never allows himself the comfort of a good cigar or a glass of wine. And I tell you he *needs* something of the sort. Look at him—thin as a rai.

*Agent.* Why, he was insured in our company last week, and the doctor pronounced him a very satisfactory life.

*Mr. W.* O, he's well enough—yes, I knew he was insured. That was what set me thinking about it. I didn't know a first-class company like the Prompt Pay, gave such low rates.

*Agent.* I infer that you use tobacco?

*Mr. W.* Of course. Catch me going without my after-dinner cigar.

*Agent.* After breakfast and supper too, I suppose.

*Mr. W.* Yes, and before bed-time and between meals. Tobacco's my best friend.

*Agent*, [aside.] Pretty evident why *his* family never goes to the mountains or sea-shore. [To *Mr. W.*] H'm! Are you a drinking man?

*Mr. W.* I take a glass of wine now and then with a friend, and once in a while something stronger—but I don't make a beast of myself. It's no habit—I can go without when I like. I'm curious to know how you could give Griffith such favorable rates.

*Agent.* He is young, in good physical condition, and above all, a total abstainer. The Prompt Pay makes a special point of that. We could not give you terms as favorable.

*Mr W.* Can't, eh? Total abstinence be hanged! I'm as young and in as good physical condition as

that codfish. Do you mean to say you always make a difference on that account?

*Agent.* The experience of the company proves that abstainers make the safest lives. We keep the records of such and of moderate drinkers in separate books, and during the period between 1866 and 1881 thirty out of every hundred abstainers lived past the "line of expectation"—of the other class only *one* out of every one hundred.

*Mr. W.*, [looking astonished.] Whew!

*Agent.* Let me read you a sentence from the report of Col. J. A. Greene, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life. [Reads from book.] "The degree to which many diseases attributed to malaria and overwork, is actually grounded on so-called moderate drinking, would be incredible to most people." And another author says—[takes up another book and reads] "Moderate drinking, apart from the dangerous tendency to excess, injures health, shortens life, and transmits to children physical and moral degeneration."

*Mr. W.* Rubbish! I know dozens of old fellows who have always taken their daily glass without any of these consequences.

*Agent.* Name a dozen or so.



*Mr. W.*, [after a pause.] There's Grocer Grimshaw—eighty, or over—

*Agent.* Buried one son a drunkard—got another, a paralytic—and was sixty-three his last birthday.

*Mr. W.*, [surprised.] Sure of that? [Another pause.] There's an uncle of mine—Dan. Ross—near seventy—

*Agent.* Himself and family in excellent health?

*Mr. W.*, [reluctantly.] Well—has a touch of the gout—but that proves nothing—nothing. Might as well say Mother Gibson was all doubled up with the rheumatism, because she's been drinking “yarb tea” this seventy years. T'would have doubled *me* up to *stay* double in half that time.

*Agent.* The testimony is'nt so general against “yarb tea.” [Looks over some papers.] The first thing in order is your examination by the company's physician. His office is the third door to your left.

*Mr. W.*, [rising.] All right. You see if he don't say I beat Griffith inside and out. [Exit.]

*Agent.*, [leaning back on his chair and soliloquizing.] I believe in nine cases out of ten, a confirmed drunkard will listen to reason more readily than a moderate drinker. The one knows the danger from

sad experience—the other won't believe there is any. Turns to his papers and begins writing.]

*Enter Mr. W. angrily.* That doctor of yours is a fool—a downright fool. He don't know beans. [Flings himself into a chair.]

*Agent.* Dr. Jackson, sir, stands at the head of his profession.

*Mr. W.* He may *stand* at the head, but I'll bet his brains are at the foot. Why, he told me—*me*—that hav'n't had a sick day since I broke out with the measles, that my heart—I can't remember his dog-Latin—but he meant that it was out of fix and liable to break down at any moment. [Stares gloomily at the floor with his chin in his hands.]

*Agent.* Did he give you any advice?

*Mr. W.,* [without changing his position.] Advice! Bushels of it—good measure. Must avoid excitement, tobacco, stimulants, late hours. Could'nt recommend me to the company at all, unless I signed the pledge and kept it. See him hanged first.

*Agent.,* [aside.] Just as I thought. The man's appearance and manner already show over-stimulation.

*M. W.,* [muttering to himself.] Says Griffith's

worth three of me for constitution. A lie. He is'nt. I could thrash him and the doctor both

*Agent.* I think you said you were married, Mr. Wilder?

*Mr. W.*, [brightening and raising himself up.] Yes, *sir*; three years ago—to the best little woman that ever—

*Agent.* I suppose she enjoys her glass of wine, too.

*Mr. W.*, [loudly.] She! [Lowers his voice with a half-ashamed laugh.] Truth to tell, it's the only thing we quarrel over—that and the club. She don't like either of 'em. You see, I'm secretary and have to be present.

*Agent*, [musingly.] But the wife and the bairnies should be looked after first.

*Mr. W.* *What!* [Stares at the agent and then turns away with a jerk.] O, hang it!

*Agent.* A fellow who can't deny himself in such a cause—

*Mr. W.*, [explosively.] Botheration!

*Agent.* A man who does'nt care most and first for the happiness of his family—

*Mr. W.*, [facing round suddenly.] Look here—what'll you take to stop that? Well, I suppose there's

no use in my staying any longer. I can't enter into any arrangement with the company.

*Agent.* I think you can if you'd follow your wife's wishes and the physician's advice.

*Mr. W.* I'm willing to do anything reasonable, but this seems ridiculous. I don't believe the little liquor I drink ever hurt me or ever will.

*Agent.* A fellow that can't deny himself—[Mr. W. makes a threatening motion towards him—] when a skillful physician tells you there is danger and absolute need of refraining—

*Mr. W.* He's an idiot!

*Agent.* And your wife begs you for her sake, to give up the indulgence—

*Mr. W.* She's a darling.

*Agent.* And the best insurance company in the state will not accept you, unless—

*Mr. W.*, [rising and seizing his hat.] They can go to—Halifax.

*Agent*, [detaining him.] Seriously, sir, instead of getting angry, would you not better calmly and quietly decide to follow the physician's advice?

*Mr. W.* I'll think about it. [Exit.]

*Agent*, [looking after him.] *Think* about it! [Gathers up papers and exit.]



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